Clingy

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Clingy

by harleygirl2648

Summary

A slice of domestic Hannigram, with nightmares, sherry, and a bit with a dog.

Notes

Little cute thing for y'all!

See the end of the work for more notes

“You little pest.”

It was staring with disdain at a dog far too pleased with herself as she sat defiantly in the middle of his bed that Hannibal was again reminded of the ridiculousness of his current life. Will should not have let her sleep on the bed in the first place, and now she was on top of his freshly pressed suit that he wanted to hang up.

“Encephalitis, move,” he ordered, but she just wagged her tail and flopped over. Hannibal had to restrain himself from wincing as little flecks of drool end up on the fabric. “I am only going to ask one last time.”

No movement. Hannibal was contemplating the next step to take when there was a low whistle behind him. Immediately, Cephy (as Will *insisted* on calling her) hopped off of the bed and scrambled past Hannibal to paw at a sudden appeared Will’s leg. He laughed, reaching down and scratching behind her ear. “Good girl, Cephy.”

“There is dog hair all over my suit,” Hannibal said in a clipped tone, which only made Will laugh again.

“I’ll get you a lint roller,” Will smiles, leaning back up to kiss Hannibal on the cheek. “But don’t pretend you don’t like it when she sleeps in your lap after dinner.”

“That only happened once, and it would have been rude to wake her up.”

“Awww, you love her. No takebacks,” Will winks, kissing him on the lips this time and heads back downstairs, dog at his heels. Hannibal runs a lint roller over the suit before finally hanging it up. Feeling tired on this lazy Saturday afternoon, he dresses in his sleepwear and climbs into bed, falling asleep within minutes.

Hannibal turns to his side in bed, smiling when he sees Will. But the smile fades slightly as he sees the contorted look of pain on his pale face drenched in sweat.

“Will?” he asks, concerned, as he reaches out to touch Will, only to see his hand pass through his figure, and when he wrenches it back, blood coats his fingertips.

“Why?” Will croaks, blood seeping from the wound on his stomach he vainly tries to cover it with his hand. It oozes from the cut on his forehead, drips down his lips. “Why?”

Hannibal reaches out again but there is nothing to feel as he fades away, blinking hard and sitting up. The soft bed has also faded away, replaced with a hard cot and a thin piece of fabric that is no excuse for a blanket. He clings to his sense of decorum and questionable sanity to rise to his feet as he notices Alana placing mail in his slot.

“Have you heard from Will?” he asks, trying to keep the rising bile down low in his gut. She gives him a questioning look.

“Don’t you remember?” she states. “He said that doesn't want to see you again.”

The teacup shatters on the ground.

Hannibal sits up in bed, wide awake, blood pumping like mad. He takes a deep breath, and nearly groans as Cephy hops up onto the bed and pads her way into his lap.

“Infuriating creature,” he mutters, but he still strokes the top of her head and tries to quell his rapidly-beating heart.

Will is not downstairs.

Hannibal knows he is probably out running some errands, perhaps out fishing or staking out their next victim. But the irrational part of his brain disagrees and fills with mad theories about FBI capture, some vigilante, Will *leaving*...

There is a foul, bitter taste in his mouth and so he opens a bottle of sherry, intending to mix it with the homemade ice cream in the freezer but he keeps refilling his glass instead and he could have sworn that the bottle had been full when he uncorked it. So then he decides to make beef bourguignon for dinner, and the bitter red wine fits his current mood, and only about a quarter of the bottle actually makes it into the dish. He picks up the last glass and makes his way over to the couch, drinking and sulking. He doesn't even mind when the dog crawls into his lap.

“You’re lucky I love your obnoxious ass, do you know how hard it was to find truffle salt?” Will calls out in mock exasperation from the front hallway as he comes into the kitchen to set down the bags, then sniffs the air.

“What-” he start to say as he goes over to oven and removes the dish cooking inside. The was apparently wine as a base at some point, but it’s been sitting in the oven so long that all the liquid was either evaporated or been absorbed. He’s about to be concerned because it would be the end of days if Hannibal let something burn, when he notices Hannibal getting to his feet very unsteadily from the couch, and he laughs out loud as he almost trips on the edge of the carpet. Will comes out from behind the counter, a question already on his lips when Hannibal lays a shaky hand on the back on his neck and kisses him without any trace of care or grace. Will pulls away first, amusement twinkling in his eyes.

“So you’re drunk at seven o’clock at night,” he teases. Hannibal actually rolls his eyes.

“I - I am *not.”*

“Real convincing there, doctor,” Will smirked, letting himself be dragged over to the couch and sitting down, Hannibal not letting go of his hand. “Any particular reason, you usually don’t overindulge unless I’m here.”

Hannibal does not offer any verbal response, surprising, instead choosing to move even closer and wrapping his arms around Will’s middle. Only then does he finally say, “I love you.”

“I love you, too. Any particular reason you’re so clingy? Right now, as opposed to the rest of the time.”

“‘M not - I *am not* clingy.”

Will tests this by trying to stand up, only to be dragged back and Hannibal curling even tighter against his side, pressing his face against his neck. Will has to laugh again as Hannibal mutters, “Don’t. Please.”

“Please, damn, you really are drunk,” Will smiles, But he can tell from the hunched over body language, moving far too close even for drunken behavior, and he’s running his fingers over the scar on Will’s forehead and slipping under his shirt to touch the one on his stomach.

Sometimes the empathy isn’t such a burden. And since he and Hannibal are finally on the same ground, he can read him like a book.

This is as close to skittish and desperate as Hannibal gets.

“Stay,” he whispers against Will’s ear. It’s a plea that has much more depth below the surface than it appears, and Will understands. He *sees.*

He manages to get his right arm free from where it is pinned back against the couch, and wraps it around Hannibal’s shoulders, fingers reaching to stroke back silvery blonde strands of hair. Hannibal makes a sound almost like a purr, and he nuzzles against Will’s neck, just below the jawline. His hand moves from the scar on his stomach and travels across his chest, up his shoulder, and finally down Will’s left arm to stroke his thumb across the wedding ring.

“You’re here,” he states softly, as though he’s reassuring himself.

“Of course I am, you’re stuck with me forever, remember?” Will retorts lightly, before his face grows a little bit more serious, gently rubbing the back of Hannibal’s neck. “You know I can’t leave you, we can’t survive separation, remember?”

A nod against Will’s neck.

"Until death do us part, you know."

"'Til death do 's part." Will's self-control is needed to not laugh at the sincerity in his sweet, messy words.

“See?”

“I see,” Hannibal murmurs, kissing Will’s neck. Will chuckles to himself.

“I wish I could send a picture to the FBI of the escaped Chesapeake Ripper curled up on an expensive couch with the exact same expression as our dog when she wants a treat.”

“‘M not a *dog,”* Hannibal scoffs, “Rude.”

“Eat me,” Will fires back, and they both laugh about that. He then asks, with concern in his voice, “Are you okay, though? Seriously?”

“Mmmm hmmm,” Hannibal hums, “Perfect.”

“You feel perfect?”

“No, *you* are perfect, aren’t you listening to me?”

“I’m listening, I’m listening, you can keep talking.”

And Will is once again forced to once again come to terms with what exactly his life has become: a drunk cannibal nuzzling his neck like a cat as he slurs something about Patroclus and the color of his eyes and about he’s absolutely *infuriating* and it’s not *his* fault dinner was ruined, he was *distracted* because of *you* and you are *so distracting,* sitting where you shouldn’t and being so *beautiful* all the damn time.

There are worse places to be, Will supposes.

He’s content to just lean back against the couch and relax as terrible slurred recitations of Italian poetry are murmured against his ear. Yes, this is a fine place to be.

Until Will feels Hannibal’s hand slide down and clumsily fumble with his belt buckle. He swats his hand away and hears an honest-to-God *whine.*

“Absolutely not, you are way too drunk,” Will teases, and feels Hannibal frown against his neck and practically whines again.

“But I *love* you.”

“I know, and I love you too, that’s why I’m dragging your ass upstairs to bed to sleep. Just sleep, because if I let you pass out on this couch I will have to hear you complain about a crick in your neck all fucking day.”

And with that, he barely manages to peel away from Hannibal’s steel grip and then pulls both of them to their feet. He has every intention of leading them both upstairs but Hannibal is still better coordinated than most, even drunk, and Will finds himself up against the oil painting on the landing.

“I thought *shit* you *fuck* said that this painting was *mmpf* expensive,” Will manages to say in between kisses.

“You’re priceless,” is Hannibal’s slurred response, leaning in again, but this time Will pushes back on his nose, even as he smiles.

“No, Hannibal, we’re going to sleep, so that I can make fun of you in the morning. Up the stairs, move.”

Cephy was happily perched on top of the rather bad-tempered lump underneath the sheets when Will returned with coffee the next morning.

“If you do not lower the blinds within the next minute, Will, I will *eviscerate* you,” came the near hiss from Will’s grumpy husband. Will doesn't bother holding back a snicker.

“You already tried to eviscerate me once, didn’t work,” he smirks, but goes over the blinds and closes them. “And you apparently don’t mind the dog on top of you.”

“That was my next complaint.”

Will laughs and flops down onto the bed beside Hannibal, and nearly catches him in an actual groan. “It’s refreshing to see you as a human. Let me see your hair.”

“Perhaps I will stuff your lungs with basil.”

“Then who would make you classy French roast coffee when you’re hungover and pissy?” Will teases, holding out the cup of coffee. A hand reaches out to retrieve it but Will is faster, and sets the coffee on the bedside table and takes his hand in his own, pulling hard and dragging him out from underneath the covers. He laughs at the evil look his husband gives him from underneath the bed head.

“You look like shit, I love it.”

Hannibal would have reached out and shoved him right of the bed, but that would require moving the dog and facing the few stubborn rays of sunlight. So instead he accepts the cup of coffee Will offers, and plans how to have Will suffer this same indignity.

Well, he would be planning in more detail, if his head did not feel like it was being sawed open from the inside out.

End Notes

Aren't they so damn cute? Maybe I'll write a followup with Drunk!Will.

Please, please leave all the comments and kudos you like! I love responding to them!

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